Young Lubin

Was a Shepherd Boy.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

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YOUNG Lubin was a ſhepherd boy,
Fair Roſaline a ruſtic maid,
They look'd, they lov'd, each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they ſtray'd;
Their parents ſaw and bleſt their love,
Nor would their happineſs delay,
To-morrow's dawn their bliſs ſhall prove,
To-morrow be their wedding day.

When as at eve, beſide the brook,
Where ſtray'd their flocks, they ſat and ſmil'd,
One luckleſs lamb the current took,
Twas Roſaline's, ſhe ſtarted wild;
Run, Lubin run, my fav'rite ſave,
Too fatally the youth obey'd,
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wanderer aid.

But ſcarce he guides him to the ſhore,
When faint and ſunk, poor Lubin dies,
Ah! Roſaline, for ever mourn,
In his cold grave thy lover lies;
On that lone bank O ſtill be ſeen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapleſs maid,
And with ſad leaves of cypreſs green,
For ever ſooth thy Lubin's ſhade.